

A Rattlesnake Eater.

Moses Henderson is a sable son of Africa and lives two miles from Americus in a rocky field, where rattlesnakes are most plentiful. Moses makes a living by capturing snakes and selling them. Whenever he cannot sell them he eats them. This is the truth, as strange as it may seem, says the Savannah News. Last week he killed a large one with eleven rattles on it. This was a fat snake and Moses ate it. The other day he brought a very large snake to the city, trying to sell it. There were twenty-three rattles on it. The snake was very poor, and Moses said it would not do to eat, and he stuffed it with hay and sold it for a good price. Every year Moses makes a good deal of money selling snake oil. He says right down the vertebrae of a rattlesnake is a fatty streak of flesh that makes an oil, when fried, that will cure any case of rheumatism. It is strange to how many people he sells this rheumatic snake oil. He has a long list of certificates from people he has cured. Some of them are from intelligent whites, who declare that the oil has cured when all other remedies have failed. He sells a phial of the oil for \$1 and guarantees a lasting cure.

Moses says his father was an African hoodoo doctor and taught him how to cure all aches and pains with snake oil. The negroes of Sumter County venerate and fear him as a mysterious doctor who can cure when all else fails, and look upon his snake oil as something enchanted.

As an appropriate climax to a series of experiments in educating a monkey, Mr. J. L. Buck, now in Boston, will try to make the monkey talk. The animal is one of the greatest curiosities in the simian line ever seen. The point to which his education has been carried is wonderful. He rejoices in the name of Sambo, and is a Bornean of the orang-outang species.

Sambo eats at table with as much complacency as a Christian, and behaves better at his meals than some Christians. In describing his method of teaching Sambo how to use a spoon, Mr. Buck explained that he placed the food in a very deep cup. Sambo's natural intelligence at once showed him the use of a spoon, but he at first made the mistake of bringing his provender from the depth of the cup by means of the spoon and then laying it down on the table to be grabbed in his fingers.

Mr. Buck cured Sambo of this habit by placing a hungry monkey at the table beside him. When Sambo would lay the food down the hungry one would snatch it away. After while Sambo saw the point, and foiled the thief by carrying the food directly from the cup to his mouth by means of the spoon. The accomplishment once acquired there was no more trouble.

Sambo was taught the value of clothing by being left for a time in a cold place and afterward taken in and warmly clothed. In this way the advantage of wearing clothes soon became apparent to his monkey mind.

What caused Mr. Buck most perplexity was how to get Sambo to wear a cap, for he seemed to have a rooted antipathy to any kind of headgear. The trainer was almost on the point of giving it up, when one warm day he noticed that the flies were annoying the monkey very much. When they were particularly persistent around his head Sambo would pull up his coat to protect his poll. Inspiration came to Mr. Buck. Daubing a little molasses on Sambo's head, he left him to be tormented by the flies for a time, and then placed a cap over his head to show him the use of the covering. Sambo realized the utility of a cap at once and has worn it without protest ever since.

By these methods, and without the use of the whip that is considered so indispensable by most trainers of animals, Sambo's education was carried on.

He can dress himself without assistance, putting on his shoes and stockings as carefully as an orderly boy, at meal times carrying his chair to the table and sitting up like a regularly recognized member of the family, eating his meals decorously and daintily, with his napkin tucked under his chin, and behaving, in short, with the best of table manners.

At night Sambo will sedately remove his clothing and climb into the little white enameled bedstead provided for him, cover himself with the bedclothes and dream blissfully of his happy emancipation from the ignorance of his ancestors.

Sambo breakfasts, lunches and dines on the food that Mr. Buck and his family eat. He relishes vegetables cooked in any manner, and all kinds of bread, pie, cake, cheese, and, strangest of all, he has learned to eat meat and grown very fond of it. Naturalists assert that the orang-outang is a vegetarian, but Sambo has never had a day's illness since he has partaken of a meat diet. All food given to him is prepared in the same manner as that intended for the family.

The most interesting experiment is the attempt that Mr. Buck is making

to develop Sambo's vocal organs. After a careful examination, Mr. Buck concluded that these were perfect and capable of the power of speech. The method employed to teach the monkey to speak he is not desirous of giving in detail. He says, however, it consists of parts of each of the methods used to teach birds, feeble-minded children and the blind, deaf and dumb.

Although Sambo is hardly of an age to grasp the advantage of speech, his trainer considers that even a year of unavailing effort will not be time wasted, as he is confident that as Sambo grows older he will learn the language. At his present age, 2 years, Sambo is very nearly as far advanced as most babies, as he uses the words "mamma" and "come back." Mrs. Buck has petted Sambo to such an extent that if she leaves the room he will cry continually, "Mamma," and on her reappearance will say distinctly, "Come back."

Mr. Buck admits it will require time, labor and patience to get anything like a vocabulary of words, to say nothing of teaching Sambo to put them together intelligently. While his trainer does not hope to make an accomplished orator of Sambo, he feels very sure that within a reasonable time he will be able to show to the scientific world a simian who speaks in the English tongue. Such sounds as Sambo is learning to use are absolutely foreign to the natural guttural sounds of the orang-outang.

Mr. Buck has made arrangements with an East Indian trading house to bring over a wild simian at least once a year, so that Sambo may not forget his mother tongue. Should the efforts to educate the monkey to speak prove successful, the time may come when Sambo will act as interpreter between man and the missing link. Sambo is what is known as a cage bred animal. His parents were captured when young and tamed in a cage by the Rajah of Somabaye. So Sambo has never known a wild existence, which may account for his genial and tractable disposition.

The Stalest Bread.

Sufferers from indigestion are advised to eat stale bread, the staler the better, they are told. There is in the museum at Naples some bread which ought to be stale enough for anybody. It was baked one day in August, 79, A. D., in one of the curious ovens still to be seen at Pompeii. More than 18 centuries, therefore, have elapsed since it was drawn "all hot" and indigestible from the oven. So it may claim to be the oldest bread in the world. You may see it in a glass case on the upper floor of the museum. There are several loaves of it, one still bearing the impress of the baker's name.

In shape and size they resemble the small cottage loaves of England; but not in appearance, for they are as black as charcoal, which, in fact, they closely resemble. This was not their original color; but have become carbonized, and if eaten would probably remind one of charcoal biscuits. When new they may have weighed about a couple of pounds each, and were most likely raised with leaven, as is most of the bread in Oriental countries at the present time.

The popular idea that Pompeii was destroyed by lava is a fallacious one. If a lava stream had descended upon the city the bread and everything in the place would have been utterly destroyed. Pompeii was really buried under ashes and fine cinders, called by the Italians lapilli. On that dreadful day in August, when the great eruption of Vesuvius took place, showers of fine ashes fell upon the doomed city, then showers of lapilli, then more ashes, and more lapilli, until Pompeii was covered over to a depth of 15 and even 20 feet.

Other combustibles besides the bread were preserved, and may now be seen in the same room in the museum. There are various kinds of grain, fruits, vegetables and even pieces of meat. Most interesting is a dish of walnuts, some cracked ready for eating others whole. Though carbonized, like all the other eatables, they have preserved their characteristic wrinkles and lines.

There are figs, too, and pears, the former rather shriveled, as one would expect after all these years, the latter certainly no longer "juicy." But perhaps the most interesting relic in the room is a honeycomb, every cell of which can be distinctly made out. It is so well preserved that it is hard to realize that the comb is no longer wax nor the honey honey.

A piece of comb seems to have been cut out, and one can imagine some young Pompeian having helped himself to it and sitting down to eat it, when he had to jump up and fly for his life. One cannot help wondering what became of the piece—whether the young fellow took it with him and ate it as he ran, or whether he left it on his plate, intending to return for it when the eruption was over.

Irritating stings, bites, scratches, wounds and cuts soothed and healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve—a sure and safe application, for tortured flesh. Beware of counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

Only One Man in the World.

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter—airless, waterless, lifeless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly, and that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray-headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined, but not described. How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisputed maces of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself end his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infect the solitudes.

But his fate may be far weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with what we let loose into the atmosphere an ever-increasing volume of carbonic acid gas. Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. It must increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hill tops, where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually the suffocating, invisible flood will reach and drown him.

Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery centre of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some Arctic explorer or Eskimo, whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are swallowed by red-hot gases and steam.

Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly, they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean off the Brazilian coast, half-way between Rio Janeiro and the Cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abyssal slime beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever-drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet.

The Antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the South Pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the centre. At that centre it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mount Everest is high. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth. Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea, beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world.

Or last, and perhaps dreariest fate of all, the human race may outlive other animals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of to-day is a paradise.

"DeWitt's Little Early Risers did me more good than all blood medicines and other pills," writes Geo. H. Jacobs, of Thompson, Conn. Prompt, pleasant, never gripe—they cure constipation, arouse the torpid liver to action and give you clean blood, steady nerves, a clear brain and a healthy appetite. Evans Pharmacy.

The Montgomery Advertiser says the increase of consumption during the past twenty years among those of the negro race in Alabama, as indicated by the State penitentiary records, is surprising. Probably one-half of the pardons issued by the Governors during the last several terms have been based on the fact that the convict is suffering from consumption. One day last week Governor Johnston granted nine pardons to negroes, the recipients being reported to him by the physician inspector as being incurably afflicted with this disease.

Hamilton Clark, of Chaucery, Ga., says he suffered with itching piles 20 years before trying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, two boxes of which completely cured him. Beware of worthless and dangerous counterfeits. Evans Pharmacy.

Says She Saw Heaven.

WHEELING, W. VA., Aug. 10.—Mrs. Alexander Taylor, a widow 35 years old, of Toronto, near here, has been slowly dying of consumption for a week. Yesterday morning she became unconscious. A doctor was called and pronounced her dead, and funeral preparations were begun. About midnight her friends were astonished to see Mrs. Taylor move, open her eyes and ask for water.

She asked, it is said, that a favorite niece, who lives in Iowa, be summoned at once to receive a message from her mother, who has been dead several years. Mrs. Taylor says her spirit was disembodied and soared through space till a brilliant and beautiful grove was reached. Here angels were flying about, guarding what seemed the entrance to Heaven. She was refused admittance, but was allowed to converse at a short distance with her husband, who died last winter, and with her sister, the mother of the favorite niece.

The message sent for the niece she refuses to disclose, except to the young woman. Mrs. Taylor says she was promised that she should come to Paradise very soon. Mrs. Taylor is an educated, sincere, Christian woman and is in ecstasy over the belief that she will soon join her friends gone before.

The niece has been telegraphed for. Mrs. Taylor cannot live more than a few days.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Minds Changed.

"There goes a party who will be heard from," said Smith, pointing to a young man who was going down the street. "He has managed to keep his head in love and financial matters, and they are the two great tests."

"Two months ago he was a young man with all the world before him, and with no prospects ahead of him except a determination to fight life's battle."

"He was in love with a young lady living in the city, but his financial condition prevented him from declaring his passion, besides he was not sure that the young lady in question cared for him."

"But by one of those curious turns of the wheel of fortune, an old aunt that he had never seen died and left him a large sum of money. Without delay he called upon the young lady and asked her to marry him, saying nothing about the fortune that had been left him. He met with a point-blank refusal."

"Two days later the girl heard of his unexpected windfall, and wrote him a note, saying: 'I have changed my mind.'"

"His was just as short. It said: 'So have I.'—Detroit Free Press.

Another Alger Crime.

An old story comes from Atlanta by way of Chicago. It is to the effect that Mayor Woodward, of Atlanta, also is trying to lay his burden upon the shoulders of ex-Secretary Alger. "For 23 years," said the Atlanta Mayor, according to this story, "I did not let a drop pass my lips." But when the president and party visited Atlanta, the mayor was compelled to sit at the banquet table with the city's guests. "Seated at the big round table," he says, "with Secretary Alger on one side and General Shafter sitting in front of me, my enthusiasm got the better of my discretion." And the upshot was the mayor got drunk.—Savannah Morning News.

Thirst of Plants.

Haberlandt has calculated that an acre of rye, during its growth and development, absorbs 334 tons of water, and requires 570 tons and wheat 489. The water, sucked or pumped up by the roots from the soil, traverses the tissues of the plant, depositing nutriment therein, and finally is evaporated by the leaves. This process is called transpiration. As the soil furnishes the supply of water, that supply, in order that the plant can develop itself normally, ought to equal at least the volume of water given off by the leaves. Should this equilibrium be broken the leaves droop, become dried, and fall. Not only does the plant languish during an insufficient supply of water, but the energy of its green matter cells decreases. The assimilation of carbon ceases and the growth of the plant is stopped. It is the same in roasting stock. If badly fed the animal will be stunted. The transpiration of the plant is ten times greater in presence of full light than in obscurity, and during dull, cloudy weather the transpiration is one-half less than under the direct action of the solar rays. Judge, then, of the suffering of vegetation when rain is absent and the sunlight continuous. Deherian has traced the rootlets of wheat to a depth of eighty inches in the soil.

Women who think they would like to be Queen of England may be somewhat consoled when they learn of the immense amount of hard work which is the lot of Victoria. To take an example, the Queen during the last year has been obliged to sign her name personally to more than 50,000 documents.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The committee in charge of the arrangements for the laying of the cornerstone of the new Federal building in Chicago next October made arrangements to-day to invite Ex-Confederate generals and officers to attend the ceremonies. The list includes seven lieutenant generals, nineteen major generals and one hundred and fourteen brigadier generals.

Since their supply of tobacco was cut down the convicts in the Iowa State penitentiary have been sullen and hard to manage, and some 300 of them refused to work. Chicago physicians interviewed on the subject say the action of the prison authorities was unwise; that tobacco in moderate quantity does no harm, and its quieting effects make prisoners as well as soldiers—as is recognized in the armies of the world—more amenable to discipline and less disposed to mischief.

The coldest region in the United States lies along the northern border of Minnesota, between the southern point of the Lake of the Woods and the Dakota border. The temperature along that line often falls as low as 50 degrees below zero. In 1873 the instruments at Pembina registered from 56 to 60 below.

The Salt Lake (Utah) Herald says that the Mormon Church revenues from tithes alone were \$900,000 in the year ending December 1 last, one-third of the amount being cash and two-thirds produce, which was distributed to the poor or paid as salaries to church employees. For the present year it expects a large increase, its estimate being \$700,000 cash and \$800,000 in produce. Two years ago President Snow could not borrow any money from local or Eastern banks, and an issue of \$1,000,000 twenty-year bonds was made. Every bond being taken and the interest duly paid, President Snow now predicts that the bonds will be redeemed within five years.

In a pretty Wisconsin town, not far from Milwaukee, there is a "spite fence" which tells its own story to all the world. It is a high and tight board affair, and cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence in letters that could be read a block away, these words: "He built this fence. I didn't do it." The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier: "I had to do it."

Will Broadnax is the most notorious chicken thief Atlanta has ever had. He has been caught time and time again with chickens which he caudally confessed were stolen; but the officers had to content themselves with having him sent to the stockade for a few days and could not take him to a higher court. The reason of this immunity on the part of Will is the fact that he never steals a chicken without at once sitting down and picking it and throwing its head into a sewer. He has learned the trick of totally destroying the identity of the fowl, for unless the owner of the chicken can go into court and swear to the stolen property there can be no conviction for larceny. Where or when Will learned this legal point he does not say; but he knows it and is always careful to carry out his programme so as to be without the pale of legal punishment. It is said by the police that Will has been caught at least twenty-five times with a picked hen under his shirt.—Atlanta Constitution.

Major George Webster, of the 4th United States infantry, returned from Manila on sick leave last week to Fort Sheridan, Chicago, utterly broken down in health and nearly blind. He speaks dubiously of our prospects in the islands, saying they are no place for a white man, and that more troops will be required there than the Government is preparing to send.

Beware of Imitations!

Consumers should beware of the cheap and inferior washing powders sold to be just as good as

GOLD DUST Washing Powder

They are not—there is nothing so good as the genuine GOLD DUST for all cleaning about the house. Ask for GOLD DUST and insist on getting it. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago St. Louis New York Boston

Hill-Orr Drug Company's Specials!

Syrup Red Clover Compound,

The greatest and best blood purifier. Pint bottle \$1.00.

Johnson's Headache Powder.

Safe and sure for all pains in the head. 10c. and 25c.

Tarmint,

The best of all Cough Remedies. 25c. and 50c.

H. O. D. Co's. Horse and Cattle Powder.

A teaspoonful is a large dose and the result will surprise you. A fine Tonic and specially good for hide-bound and stoppages. 15c. and 25c. a bagful.

Johnson's Palatable Worm and Liver Syrup,

Removes the worms every time, is safe, and is not to be followed by castor oil or other active ad nauseating medicines. 25c.

Kammol.

We offer this new and latest remedy for Headache, Neuralgia and all pains. This remedy we need not recommend, as it stands above all remedies heretofore offered as a reliever of any kind of pain. 25c. boxes.

HILL-ORR DRUG CO.,

Headquarters for Medicines of all kinds, Paints, Oils, Glass, Seeds and Dye Stuffs.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 15th, 1898.

STATIONS. Ex. Sun. Daily.

Ar. Charleston. 7:00 a.m.

Ar. Savannah. 7:41 a.m.

Ar. Jacksonville. 8:15 a.m.

Ar. Orlando. 8:30 a.m.

Ar. Tampa. 8:45 a.m.

Ar. St. Petersburg. 9:00 a.m.

Ar. Clearwater. 9:15 a.m.

Ar. Dunedin. 9:30 a.m.

Ar. Port St. Joe. 9:45 a.m.

Ar. Panama City. 10:00 a.m.

Ar. Marianna. 10:15 a.m.

Ar. Quincy. 10:30 a.m.

Ar. Vicksburg. 10:45 a.m.

Ar. Natchez. 11:00 a.m.

Ar. Memphis. 11:15 a.m.

Ar. St. Louis. 11:30 a.m.

Ar. St. Paul. 11:45 a.m.

Ar. Chicago. 12:00 p.m.

Ar. New York. 12:15 p.m.

Ar. Boston. 12:30 p.m.

Ar. Philadelphia. 12:45 p.m.

Ar. Washington. 1:00 p.m.

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